

THE *Secret*
Secret HISTORY
OF THE
MOST RENOWNED
Q. Elizabeth,
AND THE
C. of Essex.

By a Person of Quality.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Will with the Wife,*
at the Sign of the Moon
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THE
EARL of *ESSEX*:
OR, THE
AMOURS
OF
Queen *ELIZABETH*.

The First Part.

THE People had: seen
Essex in extraordina-
ry favour with the
Queen; and were
therefore the more
surpriz'd at his Fall. She had rais'd
him to the highest Dignities of her

Kingdom; and he continued then General of her Army in *Ireland*, against the Earl of *Tyrone*, who had rais'd a Rebellion there. His endeavours to divert his Misfortune were vain; and after an obstinate Resistance he was brought up to *London*, and confin'd to his House.

The Services he had done the State by his Valour, were very considerable: but the Favours the *Queen's* Goodness had heaped on him, proceeded from a more secret Cause, and more pressing Motives. Had the *Earl of Essex* never signaliz'd himself by the Glory of his Actions, the Kindness She had for him, would have made Her distinguish him from the rest of her Subjects: And 'tis certain, Her Affection had made him Her Favourite, before he could pretend to it in the least by his Services. She was highly Renowned above the Women of her time, for Courage, and Strength of Mind; yet too Weak to be
Proof

Proof against the Impressions of Love. She had a passionate Tenderness for the unfortunate Criminal; which was his Advocate, and defended him from the Severity of Justice; and was so far from taking pleasure in a publick Revenge of him, that She abhorred in her Heart those cruel Maxims that cross her Inclinations

She kept her Bed to prevent publick discovery of a Trouble it was not in her power to hide; and admitting of no Company but the Countess of Nottingham, (her intimate Confident) she gave Vent to her Tears, and freely lamented the Misfortune that threatned the Repose of her Life.

The Countess had a little suspected the Queen's Inclinations; and thought her self oblig'd by powerful Reasons to find out the Mystery: But this being a tender Point, and having to deal with a Princess naturally of a very high Spirit, the Coun-

ness was silent. But the *Queen's* Grief was too violent, to continue long Mute: Her Sighs confirm'd the suspicions of the *Countess*; and Her repeating in Her Trouble the *Earl of Essex's* Name, convinc'd the *Countess* of the Truth of what till then she had but slightly fancy'd.

The *Countess* had that Command of her self, she easily Conceal'd her Concern in the Adventure; and appearing only sensible of the Trouble of the *Queen*, she us'd all the Art she had to comfort Her; and fail'd not to put Her in mind, how serviceable on that Occasion, Her Virtue might be to Her, which had already made Her the Wonder of the World.

Al, Madam! (says the *Queen* interrupting her) You do not yet know Me. The Force I have long put upon My Self, hath made you think, with the rest of the World, that the Height of my Spirit, hath raised Me

Me above the Infirmities of Nature; and the Greatness of my Thoughts, secur'd Me from the troubles of Life. But, Alas! poor Elizabeth is a Slave to her Weakness; and hath all this while but sacrific'd to Reputation all the Quiet of Her Soul, and Happiness of her Days. 'Tis high time, Madam, to reveal the Mystery, My Heart, Madam, is sensible and susceptible of the deepest Impressions: And what I have in appearance, Condemn'd most, is perhaps the only thing has most Power over Me.

The Earl of Essex is no less Famous for the Victory gain'd over My Heart, than for his Treasons against Me: And I, who have maintain'd the Freedom of my Soul, and preserv'd the Liberty of My Affection, from submitting to the Efforts of all the Princes of Europe, and the Greatest of my Subjects, have now the Misfortune to find my Inclinations violently sway'd in Favour of a

Person, as Ungrateful as Faithless. You know what I have done to raise him; nor can you be ignorant how ill he hath Requited Me by his Crimes. A Man, who being Governor of Ireland, General of my Army, in quiet possession of the best Offices of my Kingdom, and Master of my Affection; yet could not forbear Conspiring against that Authority I was but too much inclin'd to give him a Share of; and perhaps, against a Life I took no other pleasure in, but the Opportunities I had by it to make Him happy——

It was not in the Queen's power to say a word more. And the Countess more than ordinarily concern'd at the Discourse, grew so much the more Curious; and pretending to Comfort the Queen, Engag'd her dexterously to a further Discovery.

No, Madam, (replies the Queen) There's no Hope of Comfort for Me if the Earl of Essex Dye. By the Con-
dition

dition you see his Imprisonment hath put Me in, you may guess what I am like to be reduc'd to by his Death. His Crimes I abhor, but am in Love with his Person; and find, that as I have been so weak to let him know it, I shall again be so weak to Pardon him all. You do not know his Carriage towards Me. And perhaps, My Affection will as easily find Excuses for his Ingratitude, as it did for my Kindness. I will give you the Relation of it; but conjure you to Reproach Me so plainly with the Shame I expose My Self to, that I may at last prevail with My Self, to abandon the Ingratefullest of Men, to the Rigour of his Fate.

I Shall not give you an Account of the Interests of England, other than what the Earl of Essex stands concern'd in. I will pass by the Obstacles rais'd against My Establishment; and tell you only, I quickly gain'd Possession of the Throne, was Ador'd of my People, and

and Happy beyond the Hopes of a
 Person of my Sex. But *Elevation*
 is not always attended with the
 Pleasure of Life; and that smooth
 Gale of Felicity and Repose in the
 beginning of the Reign, quickly
 blew over, at least, in my Opinion.

Being settled in my Government,
 I found My *Court* throng'd with
 Suitors of Sovereign Grandeur,
 striving to merit the Choice it was
 in my Power (at once) to make
 of a *Husband*, and a *King*: The
 Earls of *Somerset*, *Leicester*, *Arun-*
del, and *Hertford*, had most Right
 to pretend to it. But finding My
 Self disturbed by their Importuni-
 ties in My most serious Affairs, and
 not at all inclin'd to entertain their
 Suits, I formally declar'd to them,
 I design'd to live single, and endea-
 voured to make them amends by
 considerable Employments, and
 Alliances I bestow'd on them.
 Three of them openly quitted the
 Hopes they had conceived: Only
 the

of the Earl of *Leicester*, more Ambitious, or more constant than the rest, kept aloof his Pretensions, both and publikly continued his Services: But it was not ordain'd his Perseverance should be Crown'd with the Reward of My Affection!

The *Earl of Essex* having signaliz'd himself against the Rebellious Earls of *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*, made, about this time, his first Appearance at Court, and found with more ease the Secret to please Me.

Those who presented him to Me, spoke much in Commendation of him. And I was too much an Eye-witness of the merit of his Person. I look'd upon him as an extraordinary Man. Nor could I but think it equally extraordinary, to find My Self so strangely affected with him at the first Sight. The Reception I gave him, was very obliging; and the Acknowledgments he made Me, were full of Respect: So that for the

the time, I saw no Cause to check
My Inclination.

I may Date from this first View,
the loss of my Repose. I present-
ly fell into a Disquiet I had tell then
been altogether a Stranger to: And
in spite of my own Spirit, I could
not but inwardly acknowledge the
Cause. And all the Efforts of My
haughty Humour against it, serv'd
only to make the Triumph of the
Earl of Essex more Glorious

You would better comprehend
the Condition I was in, did you
know the Resentments of a Great
Soul, jealous of its Reputation, in
Extremities of this Nature; the
Combats it undergoes, and the
Confusion that attends the Defence.

I fear'd my Eyes would discover
the Pleasures I took in Looking on
the *Earl of Essex*, and my Weak-
ness occasion Discourses in the
World, to the Prejudice of my
Glory. I shun'd the Sight of him;
but to little purpose, when I car-
ry'd

ry'd the *Idea* of him in my Heart. I was angry with my Self for it, and fummon'd my Reason to my Assistance to deface it: But *Love* had so violently seiz'd my Heart, that I struggled in vain to dispossess him.

By little and little I yielded My Self Captive to that powerful Inclination which had at first sight made Me so much in Love with the Person of the *Earl of Essex*: And pretending the Services he had done Me against the Earls of *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*, and the Memory I had of the Good Services of his Father, as the ground of my Favour, I made him *Knight of the Garter*, *Master of the Horse*, and of the *Privy Council*, though under Age.

Thus did I Cherish and Indulge the Weakness I had so long struggled with, and Condemn'd My Self for. The higher he grew in Office, the nearer he was to my Person. His Complaisance, his Respect,

Respect, his Looks, (which to Me appear'd all Kind and Languishing) and especially My Affection, which had Tenderness enough to give a favourable Construction to the least of his Actions, conspir'd to Betray Me.

Envy rais'd him Enemies: The Earl of *Leicester* (concern'd to be Jealous of him) quickly suspected the Truth. And looking on the Earl of *Essex*, as a Person of Merit, capable to cross his Pretensions, he made it his business to Supplant him; which I presently observ'd. I easily foresaw the Trouble My Favour might cause between Persons so considerable: And the better to countenance the Kindness I had for *Essex*, I affected a little Complaisance for *Leicester*, which somewhat abated the Edge of his Jealousie.

About that time, the King of Sweden, the Emperour, for his Son, and the Duke of *Anjou*, made Me their

their several Proposals of Marriage, which I was forc'd to receive; but wanted not Pretences to send home their Ambassadors, without any Fruit of their Negotiation.

How contrary to the real Motive of my Actions, were the interpretations Men made of My Refusal of Marriage with these Princes! It redounded much to My Honour; My Glory was increas'd by it, and the World admir'd My Contempt of Love, even then when My Soul was wholly possess'd by it.

The Aversion I express'd for Foreign Alliances, rais'd the Hopes of the Earl of Leicester; and Essex seem'd overjoyed at it: Not (said he, as I heard afterwards) *but that the Queen is discreet in all Her Actions; and her Choice, had she made One, had been Decent and Just: But that I think her so fit to Reign alone, that I could not without extream Trouble, see Her share Her Authority with a Husband, who perhaps would in time be Her Master.* The

The Construction I made of the *Earl of Essex's* Zeal, was suitable to My Affection, and the Desire I had of gaining his Heart; which I wish'd so passionately, that I fancy'd it done, and that the pretended Severity, that made me slight *Kings*, was the only thing that frightned his Respect; and that he had declared his Love to Me, could he have thought he durst presume to do it.

The *Duke of Atanson* (not discourag'd by my Refusal of his Brother) began soon after to make Addresses for himself; and it was not in my Power to deny My Consent for his Voyage to *London*. But what Advantages so ever he pleaded in his Favour, certain it is, the *Earl of Essex* lost not any he had gain'd over Me. The stay of that *Prince* in *England*, fortify'd the *Earl's* Interest: He was constantly at my Elbow. When the *Duke of Atanson* spoke to Me, methought I read Reproaches against my Self,

in the *Earl of Essex's* Eyes. The *Earl of Leicester* watched Me as carefully; though not with equal Regard from Me. I rais'd so many difficulties against the *Duke of Alanfon's* Design, that he was fore'd to desist: and I rid my hands of his Person, and his Suit, without giving him Cause of Complaint.

You know that after the Death of the *Queen of Scots*, the *King of Spain* (who still makes himself indispensibly subject to a Necessity of Opposing Me) enter'd into a League with the Pope against Me. And having fill'd the World with Injurious Declarations against My Right to the Crown, they joyn'd all their Forces to pull it off My Head. The *Spaniards* made themselves on the sudden Masters of *Daventer*: The *Duke of Parma* laid Siege to *Sluis*. It was high time to provide for Defence; and the *Earl of Leicester* was sent away with all the Nobility of the Kingdom, in the Head of a
nume-

numerous Army. The *Earl of Essex* was one of the first to follow him; and as strongly inclin'd as I was to stay him, yet I thought the Man I lov'd ought not to be Idle, when he had Opportunity by Glorious Actions to merit the Kindness I had for him.

I will not spend time in giving you a Relation of a War, which perhaps you are sufficiently inform'd of, and concerns not the Secrets of My Life. It tended to our Advantage; all (to the very Winds) having favour'd Our Side. When the Generals of the Army arriv'd at *London*, I was carry'd in Triumph to *St. Pauls*: Yet the Joy I had to see the *Earl of Essex*, was greater than that for the signal Victory obtain'd: Amongst an infinite number of Persons of several Ranks, my Eyes were fix'd only on him: And much ado I had, sometimes, out of Policy, to cast a Look on the *Earl of Leicester*. Both of them
had

had done very great Actions: I commended them publickly; and particular joy'd the *Earl of Essex*, for the Success of his Valour and Conduct; who spoke so much in Praise of the Valour and Conduct of the *Earl of Leicester*, that he was forc'd in requital, to do him Right, in giving him openly the Elogies he deserv'd.

Not long after this Expedition, the *Earl of Essex* fell into a very deep Melancholy. I was the first that perceiv'd it; and took it for an Effect of some secret Passion. I wish'd now and then he would once take the boldness to declare himself, but presently My Reason, upon *Second thoughts*, set before My Eyes the Confusion would certainly follow an Explication of that Nature, to the Ruine of My Reputation, and that high Esteem the World had for Me: Yet (to speak Truth) I could not resolve what to do, or to wish. I am in Love, I desir'd to be lov'd again;

again; and that was all I could make of it.

The *Earl of Essex*, in the mean time continu'd Sad. I was troubled to see him so; and fancying My self the Cause, I was desirous to know it; and resolv'd to fetch it out of him.

He had full Liberty of Access to Me, and I enlarg'd it daily: But not to expose My Reputation in forcing him to declare himself, I pretended an Inclination to favour the *Earl of Leicester*; who, since his late Victories, had entertain'd new Hopes

One Day, as the *Earl of Essex* came to thank me for the Government of *Ireland*, I had bestow'd on him, I was loth to lose the Opportunity; and interrupting what he would have said in Acknowledgement: You need not enlarge yourself, (said I) on a thing I am fully assur'd of. I take Pleasure in Raising your Fortune; and wish I could as easil

easily remove your Melancholly, as I am pleas'd to give a New Proof of the Sense I have of your Service, You may, in your Turn oblige Me (ad-ded I) who am fallen into a Trouble-some Conjunction, and find it very difficult to reduce my Affections into a Compliance with the Necessity of the State. This presses me hard, to provide England a King: This Choice is difficult; and I have not a mind to make it among Foreigners. You are discreet, and (I have Reason to believe) not the least Loving of my Subjects. I will take your Advice, speak your mind freely, what Man in England you think best deserves this Fortune?

I look'd on him with that Kindness, as would have inspir'd the most fearful with Boldness: I observ'd in his Eyes extraordinary Emotions, and all the Symptoms of a Secret ready to break out. The Point appear'd Tender, and My Imagination flatter'd Me, all would be

be as I wish'd. Your Majesties Resolu-
 tion (answers he) will render a Man
 more Glorious by the Quality of Your
 Husband, than of the Greatest Mo-
 narch on Earth. Remember (said I) I
 expect not a Panegyrick, but Advice
 from You: And that your Business
 at present, is to Nominate the Man I
 am to make King; not to Com-
 mend his good Fortune in being so.
 The Business is so nice, Madam, (re-
 plies he) I dare not speak my mind,
 though Your Majesty order it. Did
 you know (said I) what moves Me to
 this Confidence in you, you would per-
 haps express your self with a great deal
 more Freedom. But because, to bring
 you to it, I must proceed further;
 tell Me, whether you think the Earl
 of Leicester deserves to be your
 Prince? The Earl of Leicester
 (answers he) is Well Born, and a
 Person of Great Merit, and will
 answer the Honour your Majesty in-
 tends him. Is that all you have to say
 to Me, said I? Ah, Madam (answers
 he

he, with a Sigh, which made me expect something more Pleasing.) I should have more to say to you for my self, than the Earl of Leicester. What hinders you? said I. The respect I have for your Majesty, answered he. I am in Love, Madam; but 'tis not a thing fitting to make my Queen my Confident. I Blush'd at those Words, and was in a mind not to proceed further. But I look'd upon him, and there needed no more to declare my Weakness: I have that esteem for you, added I, that I am not unwilling to be of your Council. Well, Madam, since you will have it so, continues he, I must acquaint You, I am desperately in Love with the Countess of Rutland; and that I cannot Live, if Your Majesty consent not that she shall make me happy.

You may easily guess what an Astonishment I was in at this Explanation; having upon so good Grounds expected to have heard My Self
 B named;

named it was well for Me, I had not altogether lost the Haughtiness of My Nature: the poor Remains of it were My only Help to preserve Me from discovering more Weakness to the *Earl*, than he had discover'd Love for his Mistress. His Transports help'd me to cover mine. He perceiv'd not the blow he had given Me. And sacrificing My Grief to My Glory, I affected to appear calm and unconcern'd, when My Soul was full of Trouble and Confusion. *You have made a good Choice*, said I, *and the Countess of Rutland will very well deserve the Kindness you profess for her.* Madam, replies he, with Satisfaction in his Looks, which heightened my Grief, *You have done more for me, in approving the Passion I have for the Countess of Rutland, than You could have done, had You procur'd me the Empire of the Universe.* It is your Desire then, added I, with a Sigh My Despair forc'd from Me, *that I should give her*

to you. I desire any thing, says he, that may preserve me from dying for Love of her. Go your way then, said I, to be rid of him, and ease My self of the intolerable Constraint I was under, Be assured, I will concern my self in your Amour: You shall know it in time. But take heed you give not the Earl of Leicester the least intimation of the Secret I have imparted to you. Not before I have Order from your Majesty, answer'd he, to congratulate his Happiness, and pay him the Devoirs of an Affectionate Subject.

Had you seen with what an Ayr he pronounced these words, you would have abhorrd him for his Ingratitude. As for Me, I was left in so desperate a Condition, it was long e're I could recover My Reason out of the Entanglements of Love, Anger, and Jealousie.

I was partly the Author of My Misfortune, by calling to Court the Countess of Rutland, after her Hus-

band's Death, without considering she was one of the handsomest Ladies on Earth ; and but Sixteen Years old. I have not observed any particular Kindness the *Earl of Essex* had for her : He visited her as other Ladies of the *Court*. But their Intreague was mysterious ; and the more secretly it was carry'd, the Engagement was the stronger, and the Affection more tender.

It is impossible to express the Trouble I was in, when *Anger* seiz'd the Place *Grief* had possess'd in my Heart. Though the *Earl of Essex* had been ignorant of his good Fortune, I could not forbear reproaching him for flighting it as he did ; and forgot not to charge him with Treachery and Ingratitude. But when I consider'd he was so far from apprehending my meaning, that he was gone directly to make a solemn Tender of his Love to another, and carry her the joyful News of his Success with me ; I resolv'd,

ved at least to delay the Pleasure of it for a time; and went out of my Closet into my Chamber, to call him back. I thought I heard the *Earl of Leicester's* Voice and his in the *Anti-Chamber*; and going to the Door, found I was not mistaken. *Leicester's* Jealousie, had, in all probability, made him watch *Essex* as he entred my Chamber; and when he saw him return with Satisfaction in his Looks; You are happy; says he, in a Priviledge, to entertain the Queen as long as you please; when others, who as passionately desire it, cannot obtain that Happiness for a moment. I am perswaded, replies *Essex*, you better deserve it; and make no doubt, but you will find more pleasure in it. I will leave you at liberty to go in Search of it; and you may do me a Favour not to stay me, being call'd another way, on a very pressing Occasion. He had no sooner said so, but he went his way; and

I was so confounded with this new Sight, I scarce knew where I stood.

Having at length recover'd My Reason, I had the Discretion to hide my Weakness. Presently my Anger would have vented it self on the Countess of *Ratland*: But I consider'd her only Crime was her Beauty; and that she knew not My Concern for her Servant.

The Earl of *Leicester* having at his Entrance perceiv'd Me in Disorder, durst not take notice of it; but after a short Visit, withdrew.

A little before, I had sent to Congratulate the King of *Navarre*, upon his coming to the Crown of *France*; and having Intelligence he wanted Aid to secure his Government, I resolv'd to send him some under the Conduct of the *Earl of Essex*, in hopes his Absence might Cure Me. I would have perswaded My self, the Cause of My removing him on that Occasion, was My Desire to forget him; but upon se-
cond

cond Thoughts, I must confess, it was rather the Desire of removing him out of the Sight of a beloved Rival.

Being resolv'd on the Point, I hastened the Execution; and having ordered the *Earl of Essex* to attend Me: *You love Honour*, said I to him, *and I cannot think you will prefer the Pleasure of Sighing before a Mistress, to the Opportunities of acquiring Glory: I have provided One for you; and am resolv'd you shall Command the Troops I am sending to the French King. And to fortify your self against the Troubles of Absence, you need only think of the Pleasures of a Return.* His Answer was only in Sighs; and that passionate Language made me hasten his Departure.

Soon after the Countess of *Ratland* (whom I could not forbear using very coldly) desir'd leave to go into the Country, a considerable distance from *London*. I had

then so little Love for her, I did not desire to have her near me; but readily consented she should retire.

The Hopes she had to see the *Earl of Essex* return, supported her so, that she with much moderation, saw him take his leave: But I am assur'd by Experience, the Grief for his Departure, equall'd (at least) the Hopes for his Return.

When he was arriv'd in *France*, Fame spoke aloud in Commendation on him: his Absence alter'd not my Affection; and in spite of all I could do to the contrary, I had a sensible Pleasure to hear him Commended.

Had I been desired, I should have call'd him home as soon as *France* was in Peace: But I sent him new Orders to joyn Admiral *Howard*, who was going for *Spain*: and I gave him the like Commission for this Expedition, as for that of *France*.

He did Wonders in *Spain*: His single Valour frightened the Enemies.

And

And having taken *Calls*, and pillag'd the Coast of *Portugal*, he put again to Sea for *England*. The Fleet was scattered by a Storm, and We had News the *Earl of Essex* was lost. Then it was I knew better than ever, the Kindness I had for him. I could no longer perswade my self that his indifference for me deserv'd mine for him.

I accus'd the Sea a Thousand times, for having taken too unreasonable a Revenge for me; and was under Sufferings more cruel than Death, when News was brought me, that by the Assistance of the Admiral of *Holland* he was arriv'd at *Plymouth*; from whence, in few days, he came to Court.

To shew you how little Reason we have, when we are in Love, and how fickle are the Resolutions of a tender Heart, though provoked by Sights and Contempts: I had lamented the Death of the *Earl of Essex*, and receiv'd the News.

of his being Alive with a thousand Transports of Joy. I was extreamly pleas'd with the Report of his Arrival at *London*. But when I consider'd I should see him full of Love for another, and that perhaps I should not be able to conceal My Jealousie. I was tempted to order him to give the *Council* an Account of his Conduct, and not admit him into My Presence. I was sometimes of the Opinion, I should be able to do so: But this weak Heart of Mine, so prepossess'd in favour of him, revolted against all my Resolutions; I must follow My Inclinations, and see the most dangerous Enemy of My Repose, the Troubler of My Rest. He came to *White-Hall*: I admitted him to my Presence, I look'd upon him; and spight of all My high Spirit, he saw nothing but Kindness in all my Actions.

You may imagine, what an agreeable Surprize it was to Me, to find at our first Conference, that

that Absence had wear'd his Affections from the Countess of Rutland. He appear'd no longer in that Languishing Melancholy I observ'd him in before his Departure: He had Satisfaction in his Looks: The Air of his Actions were smooth and Calm. And I fancy'd as much Joy in his Face, though the Countess of Rutland was absent, as I felt in My self, at the Explication he made. I see you again return'd with Victory, said I: But am sorry it is not in my Power to reward your Toil with a Sight of the Countess of Rutland. But if anything I can do, can comfort you——I am easily comforted for her Absence, when I am permitted to see your Majesty, answer'd he. I have no Passion now, but for the Glory of Serving Your Majesty; and the Countess of Rutland is now to me no more than other Ladies of the Court. Are you no longer in Love with the Countess of Rutland? replied I, between

tween Joy and Distrust. You have spoken too fast. When you see her again——When I see her again, says he, interrupting me, it shall be without those Transports I exprest for her, not forgetting the Respects due to Your Majesty. What, answered I, are you not afraid of the Reproaches of a provoked Mistress? No Madam, said he, in a free and unconcern'd manner: All I am concern'd for, is to do my Duty, and approve my self worthy your Majesties Favour. This, answer'd I, deserves my Acknowledgment; and time shall let you see I am not ungrateful.

Thus did the Earl of Essex assure me he was Cur'd of his first Passion: and I was in Hopes, it might be in my Power to see him one Day entertain another. A Week after, he desir'd leave to go into the Country, about his private Affairs: He was absent a Fortnight; and return'd
more

more calm and unconcern'd than ever.

The Earl of *Leicester* had doubled his importunities in his Absence of the *Earl of Essex* in *France* and *Spain*; and obliged me at last, to put him out of Hopes. He is naturally Bold; and was so blown up with the Opinion of the Glory he had gain'd by some late Atchievements, that he proceeded to telling me plainly, *He was jealous of the Earl of Essex*: and would have made a Crime of the Discourse I told you of, past between them, as *Essex* left my Chamber. The Answer I made him, was an Absolute Command, *He should be silent*: Which was so far obey'd, that after some days Murmuring, he held his Peace. Yet this put me in mind to observe some measures, and not to follow openly My Inclinations.

Thinks continu'd in this State, till the Troubles of *Ireland*. I have often open'd my Mouth, to let

let the *Earl of Essex* know the Advantages he had over Me; but Modesty shut it again: Yet seeing him under a Necessity of going for *Ireland*, when the *Earl of Tyrone* had rais'd a General Rebellion, I had not the Power to let him take leave without acquainting him, The Kingdom was at his Command. Upon the first News of the Troubles, he threw himself at my Feet, begging the Honour of my Command, to go Quiet those Disorders. You have done enough, said I, and there's no need you should (by exposing yourself to New Dangers) oblige me to New Acknowledgments. I doubt not, Madam, (answer'd he) but the Favour I beg of your Majesty, will be try'd me: But I take the Boldness to say Your Majesty cannot refuse it me, without doing your self Injury: It being an occasion may contribute to my meriting the Favour you have already honour'd me with. The Ardour you express for undertaking

Great

Great Actions, reply'd I, is not perhaps so Pleasing as you imagine: And all the Good that may Redound to England through your Valour, is less considerable than the Trouble is given Me, who take less Care of My Crown, than your Life. I am Ambitious: Tet—
 Ah! my Lord, save Me, the Confusion of a more particular Explication of what you ought and might easily have long since understood. I might perhaps presume too far in my Wishes, says the Earl, in some Disorder. Wish boldly, answered I, I Love you; and if I blush to tell you so, 'tis not that I am either Asham'd or Repent of it. You may believe this Acknowledgment a very hard Task for a Person of My Humour, who have seen you sigh for another, when I slighted Kings for your Sake, and would have Sacrificed more to your Satisfaction. What Madam! cries he, like a Man astonished, Have You lov'd me, and I
 been

been so unfortunate, to make my self unworthy Your Kindness by those Sighs I now disavow? Did my Eyes never tell you what I look'd for in Yours? said I, I never had the Boldness, answered he, to make any such Constructions of your Looks. Your Fear was the effect of indifference, said I, but no more of what is past, Tell me now, can ye love me? Rather ask me, Madam, answers he, if all the Affection of my Soul can Merit Your love? And whether the Earl of Leicester, whom you design to make the Happiest Man on Earth, shall not carry the Day from me? the Earl of Leicester; said I, was but a Pretence to make you speak. I told you then truly the Thoughts I had of you. My Trouble for you was not small, both in your Absence, and since your Return: But all is forgotten. Be henceforth as I wish, and doubt not of being happy.

He answer'd me with some Disorder, which I fancy'd the Effect of unexpected

unexpected Joy. I thought it time to be no longer Scrupulous; and that it was in vain to have any Reserves, when I had said so much. I will not let you go under any Uncertainty, proceeded I, but to convince you clearly of the Truth of what I've said, take This, said I, delivering him a Ring, as the highest Mark of my Favour, keep it as a Pledge of my kindness; which I conjure you to preserve in the State it is in: and on that condition, I promise you, never to deny you any thing you shall desire of me, when you shew me this Ring, though it cost me my Life and my Fortune.

His Joy and Acknowledgments at receiving the Ring, were in appearance, extraordinary and unparallel'd; and attended with Promises of as high a nature.

He went for Ireland in few days, leaving me fully perswaded his Thoughts were wholly taken up with me. But he had scarce advanced

vanc'd up to the *Rebels*, but he was Charg'd with all the Crimes which occasion'd his Imprisonment, and that of the Earl of *Southampton*. Then it was, I began to repent I had not given Ear to the wholesome Advice *Cecil* would have given Me, concerning the secret Conduct of the *Earl of Essex*.

In a word, while My Thoughts were wholly imploy'd to make his Fortune Glorious, he was plotting with the Earl of *Tyroue*, to surprize and make Me Prisoner in this Palace.

You know the rest, Madam; his obstinate Resistance, his want of Respect for My Orders, his Imprisoning My Ministers, his Murthering My Souldiers, and his intolerable pride in all his Misfortunes.

Thus ended the *Queen's* Discourse, which having call'd fresh to Her mind all that had pass'd between Her and *Essex*, She was more troubled than ever. The

The Countess of Nottingham hath heard Her with Attention suitable to her great Concern in the Discourse. She, as well as the *Queen*, had been in Love with the *Earl*; and advanc'd many steps, but in vain, to raise a Passion in him: And having newly understood the cause of his slighting her, it added infinitely to her former Resentments.

She had no mind to condemn the *Queen's* Weakness, knowing her self guilty of the like: nor was she inclin'd to speak in favour of a Man who was grown so much the more odious to her, as she had formerly passionately lov'd him. She thought it sufficient to comfort the *Queen* with Discourses that seem'd to proceed only from Zeal for her Service; when, in truth, her Thoughts were wholly bent for the Ruine of an ingrateful Lover; who in her Judgment, deserved nothing but Hatred at her Hands.

Though Love thought not fit the
Earl

Earl of Essex should admire the Countess of *Nottingham*; yet another was her Captive, whose Character did (in a manner) make her amends: It was Secretary *Cecil*; who amidst his great Offices, and the Gravity that became them, discover'd in the Beauty, Ingenuity, and an high Spirit of the Countess of *Nottingham*, some Charms, that made him capable of a strong Passion for her; which was heightned by the Hatred both of them had profess'd against the *Earl of Essex*; *Cecil* having always look'd on him as the invincible Obstacle of his Ambitious Pretensions: and the Countess had against him all the Rage and Aversion that usually succeed Kindness abus'd.

They were glad of the Imprisonment of the *Earl of Essex*; but the favourable Inclinations the *Queen* exprest for him, alarm'd them.

The *Countess* had no sooner taken leave of the *Queen*, but she gave *Cecil* an account of all she had learnt. Having consider'd the Consequences, they concluded it necessary, while their *Princess* sigh'd secretly for the Prisoner, means should be found by private ways, and in artful Conduct, without their appearing to have any such Design, to take away the Mercy which Love might inspire into her.

Cecil, for the first step, press'd the *Queen* to bring *Essex* to his Tryal; and caus'd certain News of his Death to be spread throughout *England*.

Essex in the mean time, was busied with Thoughts of more weight than those of his Life. He knew well enough, his *Queen* lov'd him, and knew as well, he had deceiv'd her; and that she might with a great deal of Justice not only Reproach, but Condemn him.

The

The *Queen* had not seen him since his going into *Ireland*: But having not the Power to give him up to his ill Fortune, without having heard him, She resolv'd to go to his House, where he was Prisoner to Reproach him as he deserv'd; and endeavour, if possible, to find him Innocent.

It is not far from *White-hall* to *Essex-House*: and the *Queen* took so good order in the matter, that no notice was taken of the Undecency of the Visit; having been introduced by her Confidants alone into the Chamber of the Criminal.

He was surpriz'd at the Presence of the *Queen*: The languishing Condition she was in, made her sigh. All went for him, and the Victory seem'd easie. He saluted Her with a profound Respect; and then fixing on her Face those Eyes of his, which had so often Charm'd Her, he fetch'd some Tears from hers. *Well, My Lord,* (says she, drying them)

you see what I do for you, notwithstanding all the Crimes I can reproach you with. I am come to you, and with a design to hear you, if you have any thing to say to justify your self. I have lov'd you too well, not to wish it above all things: And, would Heaven were pleas'd, your Justification might be purchas'd with any (the most precious) Thing in my Power. My greatest Crime is, that I thought my self so happy, Madam, replies the Earl, sighing. Had you rested there, said the Queen. I should have been too well satisfy'd to have complain'd of you. But to believe your self happy, was it necessary you should betray Me? And, must you needs have made use of violent means, to make your self Master of a Fortune I was willing to share with you? What Reason could you have to seek the Protection of the Kings of Scotland and Spain? Did any Interests oblige you to secret Correspondencies with Tyrone? And, was it for the Safety of My Person,

you

you design'd to make me your Salve;
 and his? All you have done since to
 my Subjects, against my Orders?
 Are those the Expressions of your Res-
 pect? Is it by Fury and Treason
 you shew your Zeal for me and the
 Publick? Or, is all we have seen
 and heard of you, but Illusion and
 Fancy? Yes, Madam, replies the
 Earl, those Accusations of Treason
 and ill designs have run me upon
 the desperate Resistance I made. You
 have been pleased to heap Favours up-
 on me; and I (too proud of what I so
 little deserved) flatter'd my self with
 expectation of a thousand Pleasures
 which you had not absolutely forbid me
 to hope for. This let loose the Envy
 and Jealousie of others against my
 good Fortune: They abus'd Your Ma-
 jesty with mis-informations; and
 I had the misfortunes to be assur'd
 Your Majesty had order'd I should be
 Arrested; though my Innocence
 would have perswaded me the Con-
 trary. I confess, Madam, I was in a
 Rage

Rage, to see my Enemies insult over me; being abandoned by your Majesty, and on the Point of suffering (perhaps) a shameful Death. I thought it neither for my Reputation, nor Your Majesties Honour, I should die as a Criminal. This put me upon having Recourse to those Succours and Assistances they reproach me with; and the Resolution I took to go out of England, in hope to confound my Accusers. But I found all the Passages stopt: and I must acknowledge, in that desperate Condition, I vented my Fury, by taking Revenge on your Ministers. They, Madam, and only They, were the Objects of the Rebellion I am charg'd with. My Design was, only they, who had so industriously labour'd to make me appear guilty, should do me Right, in declaring my Innocence; and permit me to lay it, and my Life at your Majesties Feet. I never doubted, but Your Majesty would have done me the Honour to hear me: And that by a clear Discovery of the Truth,

I should have certainly confounded the
 envy of my Enemies. But their Ma-
 lice hath had the Success to see me a
 Prisoner, hated by my Sovereign, de-
 spis'd by the World, and made a Sacri-
 fice to their Rage: And now what
 remains, but that I receive the Sen-
 tence of my Death pronounc'd by them,
 and see Cobham, Cecil, Rawleigh,
 and their Fellows, share the Favour
 You honour'd me with. You are well
 assur'd, I hate you not, says the Queen,
 interrupting him: But, should I
 believe you? Yet should I not believe
 you? Can I give you up to the ill Fate
 that threatens you? I shall never mar-
 mur against Your Majesties Orders,
 replies the Earl, but submit to them
 readily, whatever they be. But I
 confess, it would make me mad, should
 my Enemies have the Advantage to
 Condemn me.

The Earl of Essex knew the weak
 Side of the Queen; and easily re-
 viv'd in Her that Tenderneſs he
 had formerly inspir'd her with

No

No, Says She, having paus'd a while, you shall not die. Make use of your Advantages; triumph over a Heart, whose Inclinations you very well know. I will believe your Intentions less Criminal than they appear. But, my Lord, I conjure you by that Kindness of which you have such particular Experience, that you give me no cause to repent of it. Trouble not your self for your Reputation and Honour, I will take care to repair it. And before two days be over, I will restore you to the highest place you ever had under me.

Effex, Transported with Joy for the happy Success of this Conference, affected the Queen so much, with Submissive Acknowledgments, that he restor'd her Spirits to perfect Tranquillity. At parting, She promis'd to call a Council on the Morrow, and in a Glorious manner to Declare him Innocent.

As soon as it was Day, she sent for *Cecil*: and the Countess of *Nottingham* waited on her. Having told them in a few words of a great Conflict past between her *Justice* and her *Mercy*, she concluded for the latter, and ordered *Cecil* to Summon the *Council*, that she might Declare to them the Design she had to set *Essex* at Liberty; assuring him she had invincible Reasons for doing so. This was a Mortal Blow to the Ambitious *Cecil*, and the Countess of *Nottingham*. They presently look'd on one another, as if they would have ask'd each others Advice, what Course to be taken: Afterwards they spoke to the *Queen*, in hopes to divert her; but she was Inflexible: and *Cecil* was forc'd to order an Extraordinary Call of the *Council*.

But while the *Earl of Essex's* Enemies thought his good Fortune on the Point of being Reconcil'd to him, Chance labour'd for them with unexpected Success. As

As the *Queen* was going to *Council*, word was brought her, the Countess of *Rutland* desir'd to wait on her. The *Queen* blush'd, remembering what was pass'd : and looking on the Request as Unseasonable and Unlucky, she was minded to have put off the *Countess* to another time : But considering, she us'd not to deny any Person Access, and that the Countess of *Rutland* was a Lady of the best Quality ; she Commanded she should be admitted ; and the *Countess* immediately came in.

Though her Eyes languished, her Looks were Sad, her Dress and her Gait very Careless ; yet her Beauty was Conspicuous, and Moving ; she threw her self at the *Queen's* Feet ; and with Extremity of Grief in her Looks, *Madam*, says she, with a great deal of Pain, *I come to implore Your Majesties Goodness for the Unfortunate Earl of Essex. For the Earl of Essex Ma-*
dam?

dam? answers the Queen. How come you concern'd for him, who hath quitted you with so much Indifference, after so many Promises of extraordinary Kindness? I expected you were rather come to join your Resentment with mine; and desire me to take a full Revenge, for the Injury done to your Beauty. No, Madam, replied the Countess, not the Transports of a Forsaken Mistress, have brought me now into your Majesties Presence, but the Tender Affection due from a Virtuous Wife, to a Husband she loves; in begging for the Earl of Essex, I beg for mine. This Confession may perhaps add to our Guilt; but 'tis no Dallying for those who are on the Brink of Destruction. I acknowledge, Madam, that after a thousand Crosses, we had that Tender Kindness one for the other, we Married privately, contrary to the Respect due to Your Majesty. This, Madam, this only and his Fear of Your Majesties just Indignation, put the Earl of

Essex

Effex upon seeking Refuge out of Your
 Dominions; He thought it fit, I
 should go out of them; but never har-
 bour'd a Thought of Conspiring a-
 gainst Your Mjesty. However, this
 hath Ruin'd us; and if You Protect
 not an Unfortunate Person, whom
 You have so much Honour'd, he is Ir-
 recoverably lost. Consider, I beseech
 You, Madam, that a few Drops of
 Blood at your dispose, and a poor Life
 You are Mistress of, are not a Revenge
 suitable to the Grandeur of a Queen,
 Ador'd for many Virtues; yet chiefly,
 for your Clemency.

The Queen was so astonisht at the
 Discourse, that the Countess had full
 Liberty to end without Interruption.
 But this was sad news to a
 Heart lately full of the Delights of
 a pleasing Reconciliation. What
 a Torrent of Anger overflowed
 Her Constancy? A Queen, as She
 was, High Spirited, Haughty, and
 passionately in Love; to see her
 self thus cruelly Betray'd, and

find it out at a time, when a blind Credulity had stifled all former Repentments! Yet she forced herself to dissemble her Grief; and fixing a severe Look on the Countess of Essex: *The Life you beg of me, says she, is not in my Power: The Peers are his Judges. Ah, Madam! cries the Countess, my Husband is lost, if you give him up to their Fury: Their Jealousie will do that which Justice cannot. Why should you trouble your self, if he be not Guilty, says the Queen? Though I am satisfy'd of his Innocence, Madam, answers the Countess, yet Your Cruel Ministers are not dispos'd to believe it. Let me intreat you, Madam, if Your Majesty will grant me no more, You will be pleased to allow me the Priviledge of being put into the same Prison with him, I am as Criminal as he, and perhaps more. I wish it in my Power to grant your Desires, says the Queen, but common Policy forbids any Correspondence to be*
allow'd

blind allow'd between so considerable Per-
 sons, in your Circumstances. You
 her may, if you please, wait his Fate
 fix- and your own, in a Chamber in this
 tefs Palace. Ah, Madam, replies the
 me, Beautiful Countess, consider the last
 The Favour I beg of You, is, that I may
 am! be put into Irons. Can you apprehend
 d is we shall attempt any thing against
 heir You in so deplorable an Estate? This
 hat is the Eve of our greatest Disaster:
 ould That Barbarous Justice, to which You
 not absolutely commit the care of Your
 am Vengeance will to morrow, perhaps
 am, Part us for ever. Deny us not, at
 uel least, the Comfort of mixing our last
 it. Tears. What can you fear from a
 if Grief without Power—— I fear be-
 re, ing troubled with it, and I will be
 the Okey'd, answers the Angry Queen,
 me and goes away, into her Closer,
 nal while the Countess of Essex was
 it carry'd to a Chamber, where she
 es, was left under Guard.

Never was Fury equal to the
 Queen's: The Madness she was in

to see Her Self deceiv'd, made Her for some time forget all her Tender-ness. Her Thoughts were wholly bent on Revenge, and giving up to the Severity of Justice, a Guilty Person, She had too passionately Lov'd. *Death, says she, shall be the Reward of his Ingratitude, and I will make his Punishment an Example to the Universe.*

With these Thoughts she came to the Council: When she had declar'd her self, the *Peers* were nam'd for Trying the *Earls of Essex* and *Southampton*, Arm'd as she was with Resolution to do it, she trembled at the doing; and could not forbear mixing some amorous Sighs, with the violent Expressions her Anger forc'd from her. She withdrew under very great Trouble, and admitted no Visit for several days.

'Tis hard to express what a pleasing Surprize it was to *Cecil*, to see the *Queen* angry, and declare her self against *Essex*, whom he thought

thought she resolv'd to pardon. He carry'd the News to the Countess of *Nottingham*; who was as joyful at it, as a cruel Person could be on such an Occasion. Yet they could not think all sure, while the *Earl of Essex*, was only Prisoner in his House, from whence his Friends (if minded to do it) might get him out. They concluded to take the Opportunity of the *Queen's* Anger, to obtain her Order for putting him into the *Tower of London*; which *Cecil* under a Cloak of Zeal for her *Majesties* Service, easily gain'd, and readily executed. The *Earl of Essex* was generally belov'd; and *Cecil*, fearing Commotions and Tumults if he should be carryed through the City, order'd him to be sent to the *Tower* by *Water*: Which was accordingly done.

The *Earl of Essex* not able to guess at the Cause of a Success so untuitable to the Promises of the *Queen*, prepar'd himself for the worst

worst that might happen; and in few days, had Resolution enough to bear his Misfortunes. The *Queen* was as full of Trouble, as *Cecil* and the Countess of *Nottingham* were of Hopes, to see their common Enemy condemn'd in few days.

The Countess of *Essex* having no comfort but her Tears, nor Company but her Fears, endeavour'd from the pity of her Guards, to have some Intelligence of her Husband's Condition. She was told, *His Judges were appointed, and that he was in the Tower*: Worse News she could not have. The *Queen* was irreconcilably angry: nor could she by Letter, convey with safety to her Husband, the Advice she thought good for him. A Conference she thought better: and Money being a Charm seldom resisted, she did by some Presents of Value prevail with her Guards to serve her to her Mind. Having fully possess'd them, she neither design'd her own Liberty

ty nor her Husband's: all she desir'd was a minute of Private Discourse with him; which her Guards undertook, and brought happily about. The Guards at the Tower, gain'd by their Companions, easily introduced the Countess into her Husband's Chamber.

He knew nothing of the Passages at *Whitehall*. But when he was told, *he was in few days to appear before his Judges*, he expected with a great deal of Resolution and Constancy, the end of his Misfortunes; comforting himself with the Thoughts of the Countess being retir'd into *Scotland*. But seeing her so near a Danger he thought her so remote from: *Ah Madam!* says he, with his Eyes full of Tenderness, *What came you to look for in these fatal Places? And in whose power was it to bring you hither? My Grief, and my Guards have brought me hither:* answers the Countess, *What, Madam!* cries the

the

the Earl, Are you the Queen's Prisoner? And does she know we are Married? Yes, reply'd the Countess, mournfully, and is so angry, we are past Hope. I was absenting myself from you, as you had desir'd me, but the News of your Death stop't my Retreat. And it was not in my power to betake my self into a Place of Safety; there to attend the issue of your Troubles: If it were not in my power to ease you of them, I thought it my Duty, at least, to share with you in them. This made me present my self to the Queen, and omit nothing that might move her Compassion: but she prov'd altogether inflexible. Ah, Madam, says the Earl, interrupting her, Your Impatience hath ruin'd us: Had you not appear'd, I had been at Liberty. By a dextrous Justification, I had regain'd her Confidence, and you should have in few days seen me come in search of you in Scotland. But now, there's no
 Hopes;

Hopes; the Queen will be reveng'd. What? faith the Countess, hath all I have done, tended to your Ruine? make use of your Advantages, I conjure you: The Queen retains some tenderness for you: You may easily revive it. Oh! be not a Sacrifice to her Anger. Invent any thing in excuse of our Marriage. Disown it, if you please; I will consent to any thing, rather than see you condemn'd to Death. Let her banish me into any part of the World; I will go most willingly. And, if it may conduce to your Safety, make use of the Pledge She gave you——

Ah, Madam, replies the Earl, can you give such Advice to a Man, who, you know, adores you? Have you found by any of my Actions, that I love my Life more than I love you? No, I love it for nothing else, but to spend it with you: and I will part with it, with all my Heart, when I must be depriv'd of that Pleasure.

sure. My fears were only for you; and can you believe, I could have the least Satisfaction in the Queen's Favour, when her Jealousie should make her banish you? Let it break out, let her ruine me; I will Glory in my Loving you, and telling it to her Face. I know, the precious Gift she bestow'd on me, leaves me some hopes; and I may make use of it; But I would do it with safety, and it may prevail for more than my Life. I apprehend you, says the Countess, you would reserve all for me, and neglect your own Safety: But you cannot incur a Danger, wherein I have not a share; and the way to preserve my Life, is to secure yours.

This Dispute had lasted somewhat longer, but the Countesses Guards minding her it was time to withdraw, She dispos'd her self to bid her Husband Adieu. Their Separation was moving, accompanied with abundance of Tears; to which a multitude of tormenting Inquietudes

tudes succeeded, and ushered in a Day, that instead of diminishing, heightned their Sorrows.

The End of The
FIRST PART.

(61)
suffered, and suffered in a
Day, that instead of diminishing
lightened their sorrows.

The End of The
FIRST PART.

THE
Secret HISTORY
OF THE
MOST RENOWNED
Q. Elizabeth,
AND THE
E. of Essex.

The Second Part.

By a Person of Quality.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Will with the Wisp,*
at the Sign of the *Moon*
in the Ecliptick.

THE
SECRET HISTORY
OF THE
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ELIZABETH
AND THE
C. of Essex

THE SECOND PART
259 A History of England

LONDON:
Printed for W. & A. G. Smith
at the Sign of the Moon
in the Bishopric.



THE
EARL of *ESSEX*:
OR, THE
AMOURS
OF
Queen *ELIZABETH*.

The Second Part.

THE *Queen*, though angry, gave no Order for Comprehending the Countess of *Essex* in her Husband's Impeachment. The morrow after their Conference, the *Peers* met in

in *Westminster-Hall*, and the Earls of *Essex* and *Southampton* were brought before them by the *Constable* of the *Tower*. The particulars of the Trial are set forth at large in the Histories of the Time: It shall suffice to insert here, That the Prisoners being Charg'd to have held Criminal Correspondences with the *Kings* of *Scotland* and *Spain*, and entered into secret Alliances with *Tyrone*, and Traiterously laid and carry'd on a *Plot* against the *Queen's* Authority, made a very stout and resolute Defence.

As politick as *Cecil* was, he could not hide the Malignity of his Intentions; but it was observ'd he was not only a severe Judge, but a dangerous Enemy: The Heat and Animosity he discover'd against the *Earl of Essex*, were answer'd by him with a slight Resolution, and undaunted Constancy. Yet, for all he could say in justification of himself, he was Condemn'd with the Formalities

lities usual on such Occasions, Sentence was pronounc'd by the *Lord High-Steward*. That the *Earls of Essex and Southampton* were guilty of *High-Treason*, and should be Be-headed. The *Earl of Essex* was not mov'd in the least, to hear himself nam'd, but appear'd heartily sorry to find the *Earl of Southampton* under like Condemnation; and conjur'd the Judges to examine with less Severity, the Conduct of a Person whose only Crime was, the Love he had for him. But not able to prevail, he melted into Expressions of the greatest Tenderness in the World, for his Friend.

The *Queen* being inform'd of the Condition of things, gave secret Orders to delay Execution. She was of a High Spirit, and highly provok'd: yet found it very difficult to raise her anger to a pitch equal to her Tenderness.

Cecil trembled to find the Execution of a Sentence deferr'd, which he

he had with so much pleasure heard pronounc'd: The Countess of Nottingham was equally alarm'd.

The Proofs were but slight against the Earl of Southampton; and the Queen, sensible his long Friendship with the Earl of Essex, had chiefly engag'd him in the Matters in Charge, pardon'd his Life at the Request of his Friends.

News was brought of it to the Earl of Essex, who truly brave and generous Soul immediately broke forth into sincere Protestations, *He should die now with Satisfaction and Content, since the Queen had own'd by her Pardon, the Innocence of Southampton.*

While the Earl of Essex expected with a Resolute Constancy, the Catastrophe of his Tragedy, the Countess, his Wife, was inform'd at White-Hall, he was executed. Till then, she believ'd it uncertain, but this News surpriz'd her so terribly, she fill'd the whole Court with her Lamen-

Lamentations. The *Queen* heard them, but was not concern'd, as the rest were for them. Let her cry, says she to the Countess of *Nottingham*, she must shed many more, to wipe out the Score of those Tears she hath cost me.

The Countess of *Nottingham* was so far from endeavouring to pacifie the *Queen*, that all her Care was to keep up her Anger. And because she was ignorant of many things she thought her self concern'd to know, she took advantage of the trouble the Countess of *Essex* was in, and made her frequent Visits; not to bemoan her afflictions, but to find out something to render her more miserable. It must needs have been an unparallel'd Cruelty, not to pity the handsomest Lady on Earth, appearing to our Eyes in a Condition more deplorable than can be exprest. She fell every minute, for very Weakness, into

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the

the Arms of the Women about
 her; and recover'd her self only
 to lament the more pitifully: Which
 affected all but the Countess of Not-
 tingham, who saw all this with an
 Unconcernedness suitable to the
 hardness of her Heart. *Ah, Madam!*
 says the Countess of Essex, as soon
 as she saw her, *Will you not use your*
Interest with the Queen, in favour
of the Earl of Essex? You know my
Lord of Southampton hath his Par-
don, replies she, *and the Queen,*
perhaps, will do as much for your
Husband. Madam, says the Coun-
 tess of Essex, 'Tis not the Crimes
 charg'd on my Husband, jointly
 with the Earl of Southampton,
 nor those common to both, that do
 render the Queen inexorable:
 You understand me; when I tell
 you, there are others she more
 deeply resents. And she hates
 the Earl of Essex less for the
 Attempts attributed to his Ambi-
 tion, for

tion, than his Engagements with me;
 But, Madam, replies the Countess of Nottingham, willing to find out the Mystery of their Love she was yet ignorant of, If you thought the Queen would oppose it, or be unsatisfis'd with it, why did you not quit a Business wherein you were to expect nothing but Crosses? if you were ever in Love, says the Countess of Essex, you know very well, we have not always our Wits about us when we are deeply engag'd in Affection. However, Madam, when I Married my Lord of Essex, I did not know the Queen was so much concern'd for him. Perhaps, answers the Countess of Nottingham, I might do you some Service, were I thoroughly acquainted with the particular Passages betwixt my Lord of Essex and You. I am not in a very fit Disposition to discourse you, Madam, says the Countess of Essex. But if I could by any Confidence, prevail with you to do something for us, I would give you an

Account of all you desire. I will not promise you, I shall certainly prevail with the Queen: But, Madam, adds the cunning Countess of Nottingham, I will use my Interest, and perhaps, effect more than we have Reason to hope for. Have a good Heart, Madam, do not despair: The Queen is good, and I will zealously serve you, when I am instructed what course to take.

The Countess of Essex yielding to the Persuasions of her bitterest Enemy, dry'd up her Tears; and after a short pause, spoke to this purpose.

MY Mother died very Young leaving no Child but me. My Father's Offices obliging him to a constant Attendance at Court, he committed the care of my Infancy to a Sister of his, settled about an hundred Miles from London. He could not, at that Distance, see me so often as he would, so
that

that when I came to Fourteen Years of Age, he thought, by disposing me in Marriage, to bring me nearer him.

The Earl of *Rutland* had but one Son; and the intimate Friendship between my Father and him, induc'd them to think of a stricter Alliance. Our Fortunes were equal; and the Earl of *Rutland's* Son being Return'd out of *Italy*, his Father acquainted him with his Design of Marrying him. His Affection was no way engag'd to the contrary: And the Business was agreed on without my Knowledge, who was look'd upon as too Young to be Consulted with, in a Cause of that Nature. Yet, Madam, my Heart was sensible so early, and capable of Discerning between Person and Person; and made it appear by Experience, *Obedience* and *Affection* do not always agree.

The Equipage of the Young Gentleman was no sooner ready,

but he came where I was. Being not in Love, nor expecting much Pleasure in waiting on a Mistress he had never seen, and was represented to him as a Child, he pray'd Three of his Friends to Honour his Nuptials with their Presence: The *Earl of Essex* was one of them. When they arriv'd, my Looks were divided between several Men, all much of one Age, and equally unknown to me. I knew well enough, the *Earl of Rutland's* Son was design'd my Husband; and I presently wish'd he were the Man whom I afterwards knew to be the *Earl of Essex*; at the first sight of whom, all my Trouble for being Marry'd so Young, was presently over. He was the First spoke to me and look'd on me more earnestly than any of the others. This made me believe it was as I wish'd. But I was sadly undeceiv'd, when the Young *Earl of Rutland* was presented to me. I Blush'd, and sigh'd, not knowing

knowing the Cause. The Earl of *Essex* did also the like; his Eyes went still in search of me; and I was not reserv'd enough to avoid them. The trouble I appear'd in was attributed to the Innocence of my Age; and I quickly learnt to take care to hide it.

Our Parents being arriv'd, we were Marry'd, without being ask'd by them, if we were willing. The Earl of *Rutland's* Son appear'd pleas'd with his Fortunes; and perhaps, found me more amiable than he expected. I, Madam, was so in Love with the Earl of *Essex* all I could do, was not to hate my Husband. Yet I had the good Luck, my Kindness for my Lord of *Essex* was not so much as suspected.

'Twas believ'd I was then sensible of no other Pleasures, but what Children delight in; but no Age is a stranger to Love. I quickly knew what it was to have a Kindness; and soon complain'd the Li-

berty of my Inclination had been usurp'd upon. I had little joy in being so far Mistress of my self, as to wish I could love my Husband, and endeavour it; and to have an indifference for the Earl of *Essex*; for all my Efforts to that purpose were vain.

The first Resolution I took, was to avoid the sight of a Man, who could only contribute to make me more unhappy. And when he had taken his leave with the rest of my Lord of *Rutland's* Friends, I pray'd my Father to spare my Youth for some time, and not to expose me so early to the Court, where I never had been. My Desire was granted; and when my Father return'd for *London*, to satisfy me, they took me to *Rutland*.

But the Course I took, produc'd not the Effect I propos'd: The Idea of the Earl of *Essex* accompanied me, in my Solitude. And my Father-in-Law being dead, we were forc'd

forc'd to go to *London*, after a Years stay in the Country.

I trembled to think, I should see the Earl of *Essex* again; and resolv'd with my self, I would be the most retir'd Person on Earth, to avoid all Occasions of meeting him; when News was brought me, he was gone with the Earl of *Leicester* into the *Low-Countries*. The *Queen* receiv'd me with that Kindness she usually expresses to thole she intends to Honour. I admir'd her Merit; and the pleasure to see my self respected by her, suspended a while my secret inquietudes.

But within less than half a Year, my Father died, and soon after my Husband. I was much afflicted at these losses: I bewail'd my Father's Death a long time: And if I had not for my Husband, that great Kindness, which is rarely met with in Marriages of Obedience, my Reason, and his Complaisance had forc'd me to esteem

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him,

him, and to express Acknowledgments sincere enough, to save me the Trouble of any just Reproach from my self, or any other.

The *Queen* having told me, she desir'd to have me near her, I quitted my Houſe for an Apartment in this Palace, and my Fortune, which was very conſiderable, gave me ſuch Charms, as drew about me a number of Suitors, who pretended mighty kindneſs for me; but were really rather a Trouble, than Pleaſure to me.

In this condition was I, when the Earl of *Essex* returned to *London*. The *Queen's* Army had been Victorious; and ſhe order'd a publick Thankſgiving, when the Generals arriv'd. I waited on her to *St. Pauls*; and had not the Power by any Conſideration, to be ſo reſerv'd, as not to ſingle out from all the Nobility of the Kingdom, the Earl of *Essex* alone, to fix my Eyes on.

The morrow, he was one of the first to wait on the *Queen* : I was with her before. I was mov'd at the sight of him : We looked on one another several times, with equal Concern. *Madam*, said he, as soon as he could speak to me, *I have not had a moments liberty to signify to you, how great a share I bear in your Losses.* I believe, answered I, you are sorry for my Misfortunes. 'Tis natural for every one to be concern'd for such a Person as you are, adds he, But, *Madam*, I am much more concern'd than any other.

The *Queen* interrupted us : But in all the respects the Earl of *Essex* paid her, I could not but observe his Eye was towards me. I confess, I was glad to see him so eager ; and perhaps, I answered him a little too soon ; but I was Young, Tender, and Independent. His Merits were than extraordinary ; and he had the advantage of my first Inclination.

He came the same day to see me

in my Apartment; and fail'd not to do it constantly afterwards. All his Actions perswaded me, at length that he lov'd me; and it was not long, e'er he let me know it.

Madam, said he, one Evening, having brought me to my Chamber, after I had left the *Queen*, Do you remember the time we accompany'd the Earl of Rutland to your Country-house? I have not forgot, *Sir*, answered I, that you were one of them that did him that Honour. Is that all you remember of it? adds he, did you observe nothing in my Eyes worthy taking notice of? And was it possible, you should inspire into me so much Love, without feeling the Power of it in your self? The Friendship I had for the Earl of Rutland, and the Progre's he had made, prevented my speaking of it. Yet Time and Absence have but increas'd my Passion. And I protest sincerely, from the first moment I saw you, my Heart was never affected with any but your self.

A discourse of this nature, may perhaps be thought unsuitable to the Condition I was then in; who Mourn'd for a *Father* and a *Husband*: Yet I had not the Power to be offended with it. The Earl of *Essex* assur'd me, I had gain'd his Affection: I was willing to gain his, and I car'd for no more.

You will give me leave, Madam, to pass over my Answers; and tell you only, the Earl of *Essex* was very well satisfied with them; that we then settled the Correspondence we have so long maintain'd; and that we found Occasions, and Opportunities to polish and perfect it.

Thus far you see me ignorant of the *Queen's* Inclinations: I, as well as others attributed the Favour we saw the Earl of *Essex* was in, to his Services, and his dexterity in setting them out to advantage. But in time, I perceived my mistake: And as reserv'd as the *Queen* was, found out

out the Mystery, and tremble at the Discovery.

The Earl of *Essex* had an elevated Soul, and capable of Greatness; Ambition might rob me of him; and I was willing to fortifie my self against all Misfortunes, and to reserve only an Esteem for him. But what hopes of doing that now, which all my reason, and two Years Marriage had not effected?

At last, Jealousie succeeded my Fears; and I began to believe, the respect the Earl of *Essex* had for the *Queen*, might proceed from a secret Affection. I fretted at this, and grieved at the Heart: The Earl perceived it, and solicited me long to tell him the Cause. I refus'd as long as I was able. I am Jealous, said I to him at last, with a little Heat, and afraid I should lose your Affection. 'Tis not an Unhappiness, answers he, to see you love me so, as to doubt of me: But there is no Cause to question my Faithfulness, who never
lov'd

lov'd any but you. The Queen loves you laid I; and her Kindness for you, with the Advantage of her Grandeur, may be dangerous Temptations to your Perseverance. The Queen love me, Madam! Replies he, How you interpret her ordinary Bounty, which hath (perhaps) too generously recompenc'd my Services beyond their Merit? She is too Haughty, and too Great a Mistress of her self, to fall into such a Weakness. You know, what Illustrious Alliances she hath slighted; and are to believe, she is above the reach of Love. There is not a Monarch on Earth, but I would prefer you before him, answer'd I; and measuring the Queen's Affection by mine, I am easily persuaded, she may do so too, her Eye is always upon you, spite of all her Precautions, and is never else satisfied; and I have observed some Sighs from her, which a Heart concern'd as mine, cannot hear without Trouble. I did not till now know how happy I was, says the Earl
of

of Essex; but your Jealousie makes me sensible of it. Yet, Madam, give me leave to assure you, you have no Cause for it. Were the Queen Weak, as you Imagine; did she offer me her Crown and her Kindness; I would, by my Refusal, let you see, though I have Ambition, my Love for you infinitely exceeds it. To satisfy you of your Mistake, allow me to procure her Consent to our Marriage. You have mourn'd long enough, to avoid all imputations of Indecency: It is in your Power to make me the happiest of Men, and to clear all the doubts you have of my Faithfulness.

I was far from opposing the Proposal he made; and I was not fully convinc'd the Queen was in Love with him, yet, I thought, if she was, he knew it not.

To let you see, adds he, I will not conceal from you any Kindness the Queen hath express'd for me; I declare, I sacrifice to you, one of the handsomest Ladies of the Court, who hath a thousand ways invited my Love. I

I prest him to let me know her Name; but he conjur'd me to be satisfy'd with what he had said; and, not to force him to further Indiscretion, I gave over pressing him.

[" The Countess of Nottingham
 " Blush'd at this Part of the Dis-
 " course, having Reason to believe
 " her self the Person intended. She
 " Hated him the more for't; but
 " had the Command of her self,
 " not to interrupt the Countess of
 " Essex; who proceeded in her
 " Story.]

This freedom of the Earl put an end to my suspicions. I left him to take his Time for speaking to the *Queen*: When he went to thank her for the Government of *Ireland* bestow'd on him, he return'd to me with a Transport of Joy, to tell me; *The Queen had not only Consented to his Desires, but intended to make the Earl of Leicester King*

King of England. This quieted my Spirit, and made me acknowledge, I had no cause to be Jealous.

We spent some days with a great deal of Pleasure; but were Cruelly interrupted by the Order the Earl of *Essex* received to go into *France*, to command the Forces the *Queen* sent in aid of that *King*. I had not time to express my Grief to him, or to be a Witness of his. We parted in haste; and then it was, I repented I believ'd him; and that the *Queens* Coldness towards me, convince'd me of the Truth of my former Suspicions; and that her sending away the Earl of *Essex*, was but to remove him from me.

I left the Court, as soon as I could, with Decency, askt the *Queen* leave to retire into a House of my Fathers, about Fifty Miles from *London*. I will not tell you how I was Alarm'd at the News of the Earl of *Essex* his Death in his Return

turn from *Spain*; nor how we Writ
to one another, in his Absence. I
was ready to Dye for Grief, when
he arriv'd at my House more Re-
spectful, and more Amorous than
he had ever appear'd.

He would have put me out of my
Opinion, concerning the *Queen*:
But I obstinately maintain'd it True.
When I had convine'd him of it,
he offer'd to leave *England* if I would
name a Place where we might
Live quietly. I had Affection
enough to incline me to Consent
to this Proposal: But considering it
Unjust in me to spoil the Progress
of his good Fortune, and put
an end to his Hopes, by an
Unexcusable Retreat, I told him,
it was impossible. And ushering with
a Sigh the Advice I was going to
give him: *Forget me, Sir, said I, for*
I see your Fate will force you to it. The
Queen will still cross us, and never
want pretence to Separate us: 'Tis
better breaking off an Engagement,
that

that suits not with your Affairs, Nothing in the World can be a greater Misfortune to me; but I will submit to it, if it be for your Good. You suspect me of indifference (said he interrupting me;) and you have the Cruelty to advise me to it. Did you love me more, you would know me better: And were I capable of doing an unjust thing, I believe you would Exhort me to forget you, for no other cause but that you might think of me no more. But, Madam, to shorten our Discourse, and our Doubts, which almost make me Mad, Believe it, I love you above all things in the World, there is a sure and easie way to satisfy you of it. You are not willing to go with me out of England; and yet you are still afraid of the Queen: Let us Marry privately, and conceal it till we see a more favourable Time. This will frustrate the Queen's design to our Prejudice, you will no longer doubt of my Affection: And if the business be discover'd

cover'd, 'tis but flying out of the Reach
of the Resentments we fear.

I was strangely mov'd at this
Discourse: Every thing oblig'd me
to believe him. Yet considering it
would reflect upon my Reputation
to be privately Married, I was a-
fraid to consent. The Earl Com-
plained of me; I Cry'd: Love was
our Arbitratour, and decided the
Controversie in his Favour. After
long Resistance, I agreed to a pri-
vate Marriage; on Condition the
Earl would go for *London* on the
Morrow; and appear dis-engag'd
to the *Queen* from all the Kindness
he had had for me. We agreed
to be Married at the Earl of *Sou-
thampton's*, his particular Friend;
where I was to stay, while he went
for *London*. Thus we parted: He took
London Road; I went for *South-
ampton*, attended by *Tracy*, a Do-
mestick of the Earl of *Essex's*, in
whom

whom he repos'd an entire Confidence.

As the Earl was on the Road, he had leisure to consider what Measures to take. My Lord Southampton came to receive me at his House; where the Earl of Essex arriv'd, soon after he had obtain'd leave from the *Queen*, to Absent himself a few Days.

We are now come to the Instant that usher'd in our Crosses. We were Marry'd in the Presence of my Lord Southampton, Tracy, and some Women of mine, and a Kinsman of the Earl of Essex. He gave me an Account how the *Queen* had receiv'd him; and began to confess, he believ'd she lov'd him.

He stay'd but six Days at Southampton; in which time we agreed what Course to take

I was too far from London to see the Earl often without discovering our Correspondence. Nothing seem'd more proper to Conceal

ceal it, than a House he had within few Miles of *London* on the *Thames* side: It stood alone, and was strong enough to prevent a Surprise. Having settled my Affairs, I was conducted thither by my Lord *Southampton* and *Tracy* while the Earl of *Essex* return'd for *London*.

Nothing could be more Pleasant, than the Solitude I was in. My Lord of *Essex* came to see me every Day: And I spent there two Years, without a Moments Trouble. At last, an Accident happen'd that miserably perplext us.

The Earl of *Essex* had an infinite of Enemies, who envy'd him; and for all his Caution, they took notice of his extraordinary Assiduity for the Place I was in. They told the *Queen* of it. She was disturb'd at it; more perhaps, for the Suspicion she had of some Private Gallantry of his there, than for those Matters they would have Posselt her with.

I gave her no Trouble : The Earl's Disengagement, with my pretended Journey into *France*, had secur'd her as to me. Yet she would go see whether the Earl frequented that House, only for the Pleasure of the Place, or some hidden Cause.

One Day, as the Earl was with her, she gave Orders, her ordinary Retinue should be ready to Wait on her. *I have long had a mind to see your Country-House*, says she to the Earl; *I have had a very Pleasant Description of it : The Weather is fair ; and I believe a Walk so far may do me good.*

You may imagine the Fears this put the Earl in: he durst not openly Oppose her Design; but endeavoured to divert her, by saying, *His House deserv'd not the Pains it would cost her, to go so far.*

When he saw her resolv'd upon it, he begg'd leave to go before, to put things in order for her Reception.

ception. No, says she, you shall be my Guide: There's no need of Preparation.

The Earl at these Words trembled for me. He was deprived of all means of Precaution; and the Concern he appear'd in, made the Queen more Curious.

Imagine what a trouble he was in by the way, and how often he wish'd something might hinder their Arrivak. But fortune favour'd the Queen's Designs so far, that they came safe to the House; and she would presently go see the Lodgings. The Earl astonish'd, gave her his Hand. The Chamber I us'd, was the best in the House; and the first the Queen staid at. The Earl seeing no Remedy, steps to the Door, which he found open contrary to Custom, and was pleasantly surpriz'd, to find only Tracy there, sleeping, or rather pretending to sleep on a Couch. He was quickly awak'd; and having im-

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prest his surprize, and respect, immediately withdrew.

The Earl of *Essex*, who thought him at *London*, began to take Heart, fancying his good *Genius* had revealed the Adventure to *Tracy*. But a new Trouble arose: My Picture hung in the same Room, under a Curtain. The *Queen* ask'd *If it was the Earl's?* He answered, with some Trouble, *It was not.* The *Queen* drew the Curtain, and saw her self drawn at length, where the Earl thought my Picture would appear. Then it was he was persuaded, the faithful *Tracy* had had an Intimation of the Journey.

The *Queen* express'd much Joy, to see her Picture in the Earl's Chamber.

From the House, she went into the Garden; took a short Repast, during which, *Tracy* found the opportunity to whisper the Earl, *He need not trouble himself—* and re-

turn'd to *London*, without the least suspicion.

Thus Matters pass'd on their side. As to ours, The very instant the *Queen* told the Earl of *Essex*, *she would see his House*, the Earl of *Southampton* was at her Chamber-Door. *You are come in very good time, to go along with the Queen to the Earl of Essex's*, says the Officer, who was going to provide the Equipage.

The Earl of *Southampton* by these few words, quickly discover'd the Storm that threatned his Friend: And to provide a remedy; *I am not very well*, said he to the Officer: *Perhaps, the Queen may command me to wait on her; I will not go into her Presence. Pray, let her not know you have seen me.* The Officer promis'd *she should not*; and *Southampton* hastened to the Earl of *Essex's*, to tell *Tracy*; who immediately took the best Horse his Master had; and put him so well to it, that he was with me before the *Queen* left *London*.

I was not a little troubled at the News. *Tracy* hid me, and my Women in a Quarter, where was no likelihood of our being discover'd: and then chang'd the *Queen's* Picture for mine.

That Evening, the Earl of *Essex*, came to see me, and gave me an Account of the Tortures he had that day endur'd for me; and how *Sou-thampton* and *Tracy* had deliver'd him out of them.

The *Irish* rebell'd; I lay in at that time: The Earl of *Essex*, who lov'd me no less than his Glory, had within himself desperate Conflicts. His Duty prevail'd: He desir'd he might command the Army, the *Queen* granted it; and the same time plainly declar'd her Affection for him; which I was before but too well assur'd of. She gave him abundance of very kind Expressions; and (to confirm the truth of them) Ring, which still leaves the poor Earl of *Essex* some Hopes.

He was sufficiently prepar'd to manage the *Queen*: And you see, by this time, Madam, whether he was not under a necessity of some Diffimulation.

He gave me a faithful Account of all pass'd between them; and being fearful for me in his absence, he resolv'd to remove me, and to go himself out of *England*, if matters were discover'd.

This put him on search of some Places of Refuge. The King of *Scots* promis'd him among others, the Palace of *Dimbourg*. The Earl of *Tyrone* made him many proposals; but certain it is, he never hearkened to any of them.

I was weak when he left me, and oblig'd to recover a little strength, before I would undertake a Voyage for *Scotland*.

I was on my way, Fortune stay'd me, the Earl of *Essex* was Charg'd with several Matters; and the *Queen* possess'd by our Enemies, took

took our innocent Precautions for Crimes.

At last, Madam, the Earl was forc'd to come and shut himself up in the Place where I was; and was resolv'd to perish in defence of me.

You know what follow'd. Consider the Frights I was in, amidst so much Trouble and Blood, I saw every day spilt.

The Earl conjur'd me incessantly, to quit a Place where he could not make any long defence against so many Forces, as were imploy'd to take it.

I exhorted him to yield, and implore the *Queen's* Goodness. He protested, *He would never do it, till I was in a Place of Safety.*

Thus was I forc'd to leave him, and go for *Dimbourgh*. The faithful *Tracy*, who should have conducted me thither, had perish'd already, in maintaining the Interests of his Master.

The Earl of *Essex* committed me
to

to the Charge of one of his Kinsmen; they forc'd me out of his Arms, to put me aboard a Boat that waited for us on the *Thames*, and was to carry us to the Place where our Convoy attended us.

My Fears, and my Grief put me into a Fever: This staid me some Days, at a little Village, where I had News of the Earl's Imprisonment, and the *Queen's* Resolution to Ruine him.

The extremity of my Despair, put me on the Resolution of Presenting my self to the *Queen*, and endeavouring to obtain some Favour by an ingenuous Confession. But, Madam, you know I found in her no Disposition to pardon us.

My Conduct hath produc'd a terrible Effect: And I may justly reproach my self, to have been the Cause of all my Lord *Essex's* Misfortunes.

This Discourse ended in Tears; The Countess of Nottingham took small care to stop them: She was too much concern'd in more than one part of the Story, which heightened her Fury: and leaving the Countess of Essex to the Horrour of Despair, she return'd to the Queen, whom she found almost drown'd in hers. She us'd all her Art to Revive the Queen's Anger; and by her Cruel Address, effected her Design; without saying a word directly against the Criminal.

Cecil and she were tormented to see the Execution delay'd.

What shall we do, Madam, said he to her, if the Queen, in the Height of her Anger, will not give way that Justice be done? What are we to expect, when her Anger is over? What are we not to fear from her Love, if it once get the Mastery of a Heart as hers is? 'Tis no where so Imperious, no where so Absolute; and I very much doubt, whether all
our

our Caution can prevent the ill Effects of it. In a word, Condemn'd as the Earl of Essex is, by an August Assembly, 'tis possible, he may Recover his former Favour with the Queen, and utterly Ruin us, as soon as he sets Footing at Court. I shall bestir my self a little, ere that come to pass, (says the Countess of Nottingham;) I have the Queen's Ear: I know how to speak; I am not suspected; nor am I a Stranger to the Secrets of the One, nor the Other: Yet we are not to Flatter our selves; the Earl of Essex is Master of his Fortune. If he Petition, the Queen will not have the Power to deny him. He hath a Pledge, which gives him an Absolute Power over Her: But, thanks to his Pride, he will not make use of it. Besides, whom can he employ in an Affair of this Nature, but we can Corrupt? I will not leave the Queen; and I'll Pawn my Life, I will Secure all with Her. Do your part, and let's not be Surpris'd.

Cecil knew the Countess of *Nottingham* too well to doubt of what she said: he parted better satisfy'd; and thought of nothing but what flatter'd their common Hatred against *Essex*.

The *Queen* had had a very ill Night, tormented equally with Sickneſs and Trouble. She conſidered the unfaithfulneſs of the Earl of *Essex*; his Plotting againſt her Authority, his Private Marriage, his giving himſelf wholly up to the Pleaſures of it, while he pretended to be entirely at her Devotion, and his Pride in the Depth of Miſfortunes.

She thought ſometimes theſe Reflections ſtrong enough, to enable her to ſee him Dye. But preſently, the pleaſant *Idea* of him ſhe would deſtroy, his Merit, his Services, and the Natural Inclinations ſhe had for him, inſpir'd her again with gentle Reſolutions. She thought it better ſee him a Criminal, than
never

never see him more. The Thoughts of his Execution put her almost besides her self, though it was in her power to prevent it.

The Countess of Nottingham was as Wakeful as the Queen, though for very different Reasons; and waiting on her in the Morning, as usual, *You find me in a Lamentable Condition*, says the Queen; and if you help not to Comfort me, I shall not be able to endure it much longer. *The Wretch who causes me all this Trouble, is always before my Eyes, in the most pitiful condition imaginable. Is it possible, I should do nothing for him in such an extremity? Shall I permit him to perish, as if I had no more valu'd him than another: when I have Declar'd to him, I Lov'd him? Shall I Reproach my self one day with Cruelty, to have Forsaken him, when it was in my Power to Save him? What your Majesty shall be pleas'd to do in his Favour*, replies the Countess of Nottingham, will
be

be the more Generous, for that he hath not Solicited it. If he Petition'd, Your Bounty would be lookt upon as an Effect of Your Pity, and his Submissions: But now, it will proceed purely from Your Goodness.

These words effected partly what she aim'd at. The Queen blush'd, sigh'd; and was silent a while.

It must be confess (proceeds She) That to do all for him, without putting him to the cost of one Sign of Repentance, is to approve of his Pride, and encourage him to carry it on to the highest Extremities. He would have My Kindness do all; and without any Reflection on the Outrages he hath done Me, he believes, I shall think my Self too happy in holding the Executioner's Hand. Never doubt, Madam, (says the Countess) but he makes account to triumph still over that Goodness Your Majesty hath always made appear towards him. Had he been carried from Westminster to the Scaffold; had You given him a sight of that Sense of Death,

Death, and pardon'd Southampton, without respecting the other's Execution, he would have been glad to make use of any means, in his power, to move You to mercy. But he knows the power he hath over You; and pretends that by receiving a Pardon he vouchsafes not to Petition for, all the World will believe him innocent. But, Madam, if matters be carried on thus, What will be thought of the Justice of the Kingdom? What will the World judge of your Majesty? There is not a Person ignorant of this Adventure: And if the Earl of Essex, without acknowledging his Crimes, sees himself at liberty: Will it not be said, That England is govern'd by a Queen, not so discreet as Fame reports Her to be? At this, Cecil arriv'd and fortifi'd extremly the Countess of Nottingham's Parly: he seconded her with all the Art of a cruel Eloquence, to persuade the Queen, She was concern'd in Honour, the Earl of Essex should die.

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The *Queen*, in a Pet, consented he should be Executed suddenly; and *Cecil* lost no time, in carrying Her Orders to those who were to be Actors in the Execution.

The Earl of *Essex* (as the Countess of *Nottingham* had shrewdly guess'd) had no Thoughts of Petitioning for a Favour, which, in all probability, the *Queens* Kindness would of it self freely grant him. But when he saw himself on the point of being carry'd to the Place of Execution, he thought it his Duty, not to neglect the Medicines he had in his power, to bring about the *Queen*. Then he resolv'd to implore Her Mercy, and put her in mind of Her Promises and Oaths. And knowing the Countess of *Nottingham* was Her Favourite and Confident; though he had Cause to believe, she had no great Kindness for him, he was perswaded, she might have Generosity enough, to serve him in this important Mediation:

He

He sent to desire the Favour of a Visit from her. The Countess impatient to know the Cause, went directly to him, without acquainting the Queen.

Who, but a *Barbarian*, could have seen the Earl of *Essex's* Person, and at the same time know his Misfortune, without being melted into Compassion? Yet the Countess of *Nottingham*, at the sight of him, was all Cruelty and Revenge; But, feigning some sweetness, she gave him way to declare himself thus.

Can you, Madam, pardon the most unfortunate of Men, the Trouble he gives you, at a time when he hath no Cause to flatter himself you have any Remains of Kindness for him? Yet nothing can be now of great Advantage to me, than your Protection. I know the Power you have over the Queen; and would you be pleas'd to joyn it to my Sorrow and Repentance, for having offended Her, I doubt not, but we may prevail much. Tell Her then,
Madam,

Madam, continues he, putting his Knee to the Ground) That you have seen me in this Suppliant Posture, full of Grief for having deserv'd her hatred. Restore her this Ring, which I have kept; and entreat her to remember the Promises She made when She gave it me. I beg my Life by this Pledge, and She cannot deny it me, without forgetting her Oaths. I can no longer look on Life, as a thing pleasing to me; but a miserable Wife, and the Interest of a Son press me to continue it, as long as I can. I cannot think, the Innocence of the One, or the Infancy of the Other, needs my Justification: The Favour to be begg'd of the Queen, is for me alone.

The Countess of Nottingham was transported with Joy, to see the Earl trust her with the Ring, which had so often Alarm'd her, and whose Power Cecil was still afraid of. She frankly promis'd what she had not the least intent to do for Essex, added feign'd Tears to her

her false Promises and assur'd him, she would directly go use her utmost Interest with the *Queen*, in his Favour.

But instead of going to the *Queen*, to give Her an Account of her Visit, she went to *Cecil*; who waited for her, prais'd her Cruelty, and had the Pleasure to see in his power, the sole Obstacle against *Essex's* Death.

They went together to the *Queen*, who asking, How *Essex* receiv'd her last Orders?

He was never observ'd so haughty, *Madam*, (answers *Cecil*;) he cannot prevail with himself, to shew the least Sign of Repentance. He thinks of nothing but his Wife, and she is the whole Subject of his discourse to those who go to him. Let him die then, let him perish, (says the *Queen*, very angry) since he will have it so. Let Me be eas'd of the tormenting Uncertainties and Disputes I am under. I am no longer against his Execution:

This

This Zealous Minister was unwilling to leave the *Queen* the least time of Reflection: And while the Earl of *Essex* was in Expectation of the Effect of the Promises of the unfaithful Countess of *Norringham*, provision was made for his Execution in the *Tower*, to avoid a Rebellion among the People, who lov'd him.

His Soul was naturally great, and discover'd not the least Weakness, in the last extremity.

Never did Man go to his Death with more Constancy and Firmness. He did not murmur in the least, against the *Queen*; though he might have Reproacht her with Promises. He mounted the *Scaffold* Resolutely, Undrest himself, Recommended his Family to those about him; and having drawn Tears from all Eyes that were Spectators of that last Act of his Life, he receiv'd his Death, without so much as giving way his Eyes should be cover'd.

Thus

This Dy'd this famous Favourite
of Queen *Elizabeth*. One of the
best Qualify'd Persons in the World;
and a Man who had been too hap-
py, had not Love had too great a
Power over him.

Soon after the Queen had con-
sented he should be Executed, she
Relaps'd into her former Irresoluti-
ons; and after a sharp Conflict
within her self, she resolv'd to Par-
don him; and sent an Officer of her
Guards, to forbid their proceeding
further: But it was too late: *Cecil*
had foreseen what might happen,
and Cruelly provided against the
Effects of her relapse into former
Kindness. The Earl of *Essex* was
already Executed; and that was the
Answer he carry'd the Queen.

Then it was she lost her ordina-
ry Moderation; then her Grief
broke out publicly.

Cecil, says she, *What Mischief*
hath your Barbarous Zeal, and Im-
patience done me!

With

With that, she burst out into Tears, and would not endure the Caresses or the Comforts of any about her.

While the *Queen* abhorr'd her self, for the Orders her Anger had given, *Cecil*, who had so faithfully caus'd them to be executed, enjoy'd the Pleasure of having procur'd them: And the Countess of *Nottingham* Triumph'd in her self, for the Revenge she had taken of a Man who had slighted her Charms.

'Tis impossible to express the Grief of the Countess of *Essex*: the most Stony Hearts had Tears for her. The *Queen*, (whose Anger was dead with the *Earl*) sent to comfort her, and assure her, she was at Liberty, and might dispose of her Husband's Estate.

Let Her take my Life, and keep Her Pity to Her self. (says the Countess to the *Queens* Messenger?)
She hath Robb'd me of all that made my

*my Life dear to me; and 'tis not in
Her Power, to repair the Mischief
she hath done me.*

The Earl of *Essex* his Friends,
finding her, at present, incapable
of Comfort (even from them whom
she esteem'd highly, for their Love
to the *Earl*) took her from *London*,
in hopes, that Time might make
her Susceptible of that Consolati-
on, which the Violence of her pre-
sent Sorrows render'd altogether
vain.

As for the *Queen*, She languish'd
out the rest of her Life: The only
Comfort she had, was to think the
Earl of Essex had slighted Her to
his Death, and never made Her a-
ny Submission.

The Countess of *Nottingham*
had small Joy of her Faithless Life.
A violent Malady seized her, and
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her

her Cruelty occasion'd) seem'd to Haunt her incessantly. And being at the point of Death, she could not depart, without acknowledging her Crime to the *Queen*. Having begg'd one Moments Audience, she confess'd all that had pass'd between the Earl of *Essex* and her, the Love she had for him, the Implacable Hatred that succeeded it, and her Perfidiousness in keeping the Ring he had trusted her with. With that she presented the Ring to the *Queen*; who was ready to die at the Receiving it; and was within very little of making the dying Countess feel the violence of her Resentment.

Wretch, crys she, with looks full of Indignation, *What Remorse hast thou expos'd me to! Whether Heaven will Pardon thy Crimes, I know not; sure I am, I shall never forget them.* Having thus said, the *Queen* went out, and the Countess in few Hours Dyed.

This

This prov'd a Mortal Blow to the *Queen's* Health; who not long after Dyed, uncomforted for the Death of the Earl of *Essex*.

Cecil had lov'd the Countess of *Nottingham* too well, to be easily Comforted for hers.

By the Death of *Queen Elizabeth*, the Crown of *England* pass'd into the Illustrious House of the *Stuarts*, whose Right it was: *King James*, after a Glorious Reign, left it to his Posterity, for the Repose of his Kingdom.

F I N I S.

This was a mortal blow to
the health, who not long
after died, unaccounted for the
death of the Duke of Devon
and had left the Countess of
Devon too well, to be easily
satisfied for her
By the Death of Queen Mary



1712

